TROY, KANSAS, THURSDAY, MAY 10, 1883.

VOLUME XXVI.—NUMBER 48.

Choice Poetry.

MEETING OF ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

After the death of Canax, was formed the second Triunwirste, of which Mark Autony was the greatest. Having firmly established his power, he hashened to display
its pemp. Passing ever to Greece, and making some stay
in Athens, he thence proceeded to Asia, jointneying from
kingdom to kingdom, attended by conquered monarch,
and giving away entwos and states with lattice hand. To
exhibit now his glovy, and reader more herlinut still his
triumph, he commoniced Geografic Queen of Egypt, is appear before his tribunal at Tarson, to answer the charge of
conspiracy against Rome; that she who had beld Chear
captive in her claims might how to his power. In all the
ophender of her beauty most pergenally displayed, the
Semirantic of Kgypt approached. Somnling the very appear
ancord homage, the hanglety Eastern even camera the
color internal most experienced and the color of the
charmon for particular, Autony, He, her match by her
charmon, forgot his ambition, and became her willing altre-

The arms of the penol Booms had triumphed over all; His eagle flew, violations, ever vanequished tower and wall. The chiefe of the Athenium, the severeigns of the East, Honored his langity progress, his stately train interneed. While tribute here is levied, a count he there bestowed. What wonder that this Canval with prife of conquest What wonder that this Convol with pride of conquest glowed? What wender, then, forgetting that I, whose prund blood

glowed What weight them, forgetting that I, whose prund blood came
Fram Cheeps and Cophrenes, of Pholomy's great name—
Fram Cheeps and Cophrenes, of Pholomy's great name—
That I, upon whose become Lave key with editions furfold. Had but to raise my eyichis in subjuncts the world!
The component name of the property of

well:
Hate fragrance of burnt incense, with breath of cassia blent
Perfumed the airs that famed me, with passion sloquent.
More fair than Trujan Helen, I, Egypt's Empress, came
In all Astarte's glory. The Bouran's pride to tame.
The bread of the Trimavire, be, premiest of the three,
Garrel on me but one moment—then bussed he down to see
Like as the sances on Atlandacier, to the hearted plain.

Select Storn.

MATT. S LUCK.

"It is just my lock?" said Matt, "Confound He walked gloomily to the window and look-

in a woman's handwriting to "Matthew Cur-tis, Esq., M. D." A grim smile played about that gentleman's lips as he reflected how un-suited was that formal superscription to the jo-vial, reckless good-for-maght, known to rich

closure. His face darkened as he perused it.

"Miss Agnes Bellue would be glad to have a
few minutes' conversation with Mr. Curtis." "Lover-like-very!" commented Matt., with

"Laver-like—very!" commented Matt., with sareastic emphasis.

Another glance at the delicate paper, and the firm, square handwriting, the dark look hardening the while, until the character of the face seemed completely altered.

"Look at if!" quoth Matt. "Her hand never trembled; there is too a wavering stroke! Why, most girls would by their eyes out while writing such a note as that to their lovers."

He crushed the offending missive into a crumpled ball as he spoke, and addressed a few more improved by the crushed the offending missive into a crumplet ball as the spoke, and addressed a few more improved by the crushed the offending missive into a crumplet ball as the spoke, and addressed a few more standy or the hearing of the young lady who misselessly entered in time to indistinctly catch them.

Young—not more than twenty, perhaps—but

with a screne and queenly grace of movement, a gravely beautiful face—an air just new of

"Pardon me," she says icily; "so interesting a conversation with yourself is probably of a confidential nature."

Matt. turns with a flaming face, a quick, deprevating gesture, a courteous, apologetic low and speech that somehow in their confused limitity stamp bim as a gentleman.
"I trust, indeed, you did not hear it. I caruestly crave forgiveness if you did."

She contemptuously dismisses the matter, with the slightest wave of a little jeweled hand. Cold, hard, proud she looks, and her words have a clear-cut articulation shggestive of newly clipped coins.

Matt, bows, thrusts his hands into the deep shatt, nows, turests ms mands into the deep shooting-pockets once more, and resources the careless, lounging attitude.

"Have you entered your name, netwithstand-ing my protest, as a gentleman rider for the Autumn steeple-chases."

smoke in company with the boars there?"
"Yes," repeats Matt., sturdily.
"Is it indeed true, that on leaving that inn, last night, you involved yourself in a peaching afray, actually knocking down a keeper, and helping one of the peachers to escape?"
"Yes," says Matt., with a kind of sullen describe.

"Yes," says Matt, with a kind of sullen despair.

Miss Bellue draws something from her white finger, and holds it out. Mechanicall Matt,'s hand comes out of the shooting pocket, and grasps it. It is a woman's engagement ring.

They looked at each other, a currous contrast in the two faces. Hers composed, calm, haughtity indifferent. His blankly astonished, angry, agitated by turns.

"Not—not that, Agnes" he pleads, buskily. The screen beauty, the quiet determination of her face answered him.

"Can you not understand that mad young blood like mine must find some excitement greater than mixing pills, and powders, and lotions, or creeping through sick rooms all day?"

teeping through sick rooms all day?"

It is pitiful to see how he wafeles her while he speaks, and notes the same fixed, mute,

tion) young Matt. Curtis looks positively dignined.

And as he vanishes, as startling a transforma-tion takes place in the room he has quitted.

Miss Belline proves herself a woman, and not a queen, by a series of actions essentially femi-

First, she rescues the bent love token from the floor; then she kisses it and cries over it; then she locks it away carefully in a writing desk; then she tushes up stairs to watch her lover out of sight, from an upper window.

For a quarter of a mile or so she watched him, a retreating figure, growing smaller and smaller in the distance. He never once looked back; the regular march of his steps never faltered; a turn in the road hid him from sight. Miss Hellue sat down on the floor—a most unsignified position—and cried until her pretty eyes were red and swollen.

"It is all over," she mounted—"all over."

"Fire! Fire!"
Matt. sprang from his bed, and with professional expertness struck a light, tumbled into some clothes, and rushed from the house.

No need to ask whence the alarm proceeded; the fierce pillar of flame, and the red glow in the sky were bencons toward which he ran at headlong speed, with one thought in his mind. "I pray heaven it may not be the rectory."

"Where is it?" he shouted to two laborers, farging along as swiftly as heavy hosts and

fagging along as swiftly as heavy boots and penderous habits of progression would let them. "Farmer Joyce's, sur." "Farmer Joyce's, sur."
Farmer Joyce's! Thank heaven! The next sone to the rectory, but not near enough to

house to the rectory, but not near enough to endanger it.

Matt.'s suspense gave place to a thrill of almost pleasurable excitement; it was his "mad young blood" asserting itself. Dashing through a gateway, he almost ran over a girl, bare-headed, wringing her hands in impotent anxiety. It was Miss Bellne.

"Go back at once," commanded Matt. curtly. "Put on a hat, and the thickest shawl you have."

anve."

The panic-stricken girl obeyed. Not till afterwards did it occur to her he had no right to when she returned, it was to find Matthew Cartis, Esq., M. D., in the centre of a burning pig-stye, pitching out squeaking, half-roasted

Cholera."

Upon Matt.'s face there came a faint reflecion of his father's fear. The scourge had been
aging with frightful violence in distant parts
of England. They talked of it often, dreading
ts approach, trusting it might pass by this
oure, healthy village.

No; the next day three cases were reported,
and one death. The rival practitioner, Mr.
lement, a man of good private means, fed
eith his wife and family. Matt. and the "old
outor" were worked almost to death. No need

ector" were worked almost to death. No need bar-parlor discussions, or approaching stee-e-chases, or poaching affrays now, to quiet e-mail-young blood. the madyoung blood.

Matt went from house to house with a grave face and a cheerful, kindly, hopeful word for every poor, terrified wretch who shuddered at is own fears. Then his father was stricken, "the old dor-

Poor "old doctor!" When the evil he had Poor "old doctor!" When the evil he had dreaded really came to him, and seized upon him, he grew brave and strong.

"Nonsense, lad!" he said, when Matt. tried to speak encouraging words from a sinking heart. "I have no stamins: I could not expect to live much longer in the ordinary course of mature. Bon't blink the truth, boy. I shall be glad to die in the harness."

mature. Bon't blink the truth, boy. I shall be glad to die in the harness."

Miss Bellue watched the funeral procession from that same upper window which she had once before put to a similar use.

Very contrile was Miss Bellue, in those days. A horrible dread had taken possession of her, with the first report of cholera in the village. She fought against it; she hated herself for it; she tried to drag herself to the beds of the sick poor; but trembling limbs refused to carry her; it was constitutional physical cowardice; and every gossiping tale of Matt.'s calm heroism increased her self-abasement and her love and admiration for that unconscious gentleman.

His father's death gave him double work, but he did not spare himself. He snatched fosd, was in a fair way of recovery, he sickened.

"My luck has changed," said Matt, with a smile. "I can be spared now the work is done." Miss Bellue gave an order or two, and went straight to her father's study.

"Papa, Matt, is stricken now."

"Hess my soul!" said the rector, in great excitation.

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"And you must fetch Matt.," exclaimed Miss Bellue, calmly.

"Hut—lou!"

Also you have left a said, "Arisand also filme, calmly, "Het-lut."
"He shall not be left to the nursing of those norant servants," she insisted, resolutely, the shall be brought here, or I will assuredly go to him.

The rector had yielded to her all her life.

He shook his head in sore perplexity.

Are you not afraid, dear?

A peculiar smile lighted her pale, beautiful A similar question was almost the first out by Matt., in a convalencent state.

Were you not afraid, darling I"

Perfect love easteth out fear," she rejoined,

be speaks, and notes the same fixed, norte, changeless answer.

"At least, let me explain. I can do so to your satisfaction, I think, I hope," he says, dubiously. "Return it to your fanger, and reserve judgment till you hear the defense." And he holds the ring toward her, with a great, clumsy hand that trembles somewhat.

Still no audible reply. A faint shake of the head, a look of polite increduity—that is all.

"Bo you care," he asks.

His appealing eves scarch her free. It does not change. Beautiful, impertarbable, the sensor change. Beautiful, impertarbable, the sensor thange. Beautiful, impertarbable, the sensor thange. Beautiful, impertarbable, the sensor thange. Beautiful, impertarbable, the sensor than there useer caries. His austeady ingers drop the ring; but he let it in, half-buried in a fleecy rug. Them, with a set, stern look, he sets his foot upon it, how a slightly, and walks from the room. walks from the room.

The leaves the house, passing the window to gain the road, but hooking neither to the right nor to the left.

His head is erect, his hands are out of the house pockets. For once (startling transforms-tops)

Miscellaneous.

MAPLE SEEDS.

Each tiny pair suspended there. Swaying about in the soft Spring air

And as I lie, with half shut eye. Watching their futile efforts to sty. Other fair things Soon to have wings Itise unhidden before mine eye.

From this life's things, its storms and stings. Longing to haste with heavenward name. Waiting to die, Waiting to hy-Only waiting to use their wings.

THE GUNBOATS AT THE BATTLE OF PITTSBURG LANDING.

[From the Cincinnati Commercial.]

The battle of Shiloh, as it is now generally called, has been often and shinutely described, and yet it is by no means easy to get a clear idea even of the more important details of that bloody fight.

Two facts, however, seem to be placed beyond dispute: First—The generalship of our commanding officers appears to great disadvantage, when compared with the manner in which the Confederate troops were handled. Second—Our Volunteer soldiers fought with astonishing bravery, considering that they were so placed at the first onset as almost to render certain their defeat.

THE CHISIS HOUR IN THAT EVENTIFUL DAY.

The hour had come which was to decide the issue of the battle. All depended upon the question whether the Rebels could succeed in their final rush upon our left. Just then, at 10 minutes past 3 o'clock, one of the gambouts opened fire, and with such effect that the Rebel batteries at that point on the left were silenced in a very short time. About 4 o'clock, the commander of the Tyler communicated with Gen. Grant. He gave no order, but told him that the commanders of the gunboats must use their own judgment. The Lexington and Tyler then went up in company and took a position only three-fourths of a mile above the landing, so near had the Rebel batteries come, and our troops were being again pressed back. In thirty-five minutes, the batteries on the enemy's right were again silenced, thus relieving for a time our left. But at half-past 5, p. m., our lines had been so forced in toward the river that the Rebels had gained position on our left, only an left. But at half-past 3, p. m., our lines had been so forced in toward the river that the Rebels had gained position on our left, only an eighth of a mile from the landing, and had massed their troops for a final charge, with which they expected, not without reason, to crush what remained of the organization of our army. But a reception unlooked for by them, was being prepared. Between our position and where the enemy was preparing for a fast rush on our contracted lines, was a ravine which must be crossed in the assault. Opposite the mouth of this ravine the gunboats rounded to, so that their broadsides would sweep the ravine with an enfliading fire, while on the land Col. Webster, of the staff of Gen. Grant, and an accomplished artitlery officer, hastily collected some scattered guns within reach, among which were two 22-pounders, and placed them where they would play on the left flank of the Rebel line, when they would advance. It must have been about this time that tien. Nelson, with the advance of Buell's troops, reached the field.

It was the decisive point in the great battle; the next half hour would settle the question whether a victorious Rebel army should occupy and lay waste the States north of the Ohio, and plunder or burn their cities.

There was a brief full in the firing, while the

There was a brief hill in the firing, while the Rebel host was making the final preparations. The delay was for a few minutes only, and then they came, preceded by a storm of shot and shell from their batteries, that swept over all the space up to the very banks of the river. It seems not to have occurred to them that their course would bring their dense columns under the guns of the steamers, at point blank range. The solid masses swarmed into the ravine right across their line of fire, and in a moment from those heavy broadside guns such a hail of shells tore through them as probably never before struck a body of men at that short range. They cut down the ranks like solid shot, and then added to the slanghter by explosion; they screamed over their heads, and, bursting in the air, sent down a storm of death; and that ravine, by the rapid fire from the gunboats, became a valley of death that the living could not pass.

At the same time, the field curs number Col.

tended to make a night attack, but the gunboats were so managed as to make such an attempt a very dangerous one—in fact, they compelled the Rebels to fall back from the position
they had occupied. The commander of the gunboats, Lient, William Gwim, in his official ret port, dated April 8, says: "At 2, p. m., the Tylet again opened fire, by direction of Gra. Notos
(xrbo greatly distinguished himself in genterday's engagement,) throwing five-second, ten-second and
fifteen-second shell, and an occasional shrapnel
from the howitzer, in the direction of the cuemy's right wing, when the Lexington relieved
us, and continued the fire at intervalasof fifteen
minutes, until 5, a. m., when our land force,
having attacked the cue-my, forcing them back,
it became dangerous for the gunboarts to fire.

By this fire the Rebel lines were forced further
and further back, until when Gen. Nelson was
fready to attack, he had to move some distance
in search of the foe.

The dispatch, of which the above is an ex-

Curious things with old shaped wings. The sweet May-time to the maple beings. Over our heads. On sheader threads. Idly dapping their crimson wings. Scenas to the eye
Longing to try
Its wings abroad in the azure air.

Sweet souls and dear, fat off and near Whose final farewell we daily fear. As over the grave They sway and wave. By every cute gust driven more near.

Comes twilight gras, and clears away The misty dreams that over me stree Nought new I see Save the majot tree. With its winged seeds forever at play

came a valley of death that the living could not pass.

At the same time, the field guns under Col. Webster were making fearful haves on the other flank of the attacking line, and thus that last charge was checked and turned back, and in that brief artillery fire the question of the great Northern invasion was virtually settled, and the victory of the Rebels from that hour began to be turned into a defeat. Some of the first hours of the weening, however, were anxious ones. The Confederates, it was said, intended to make a night attack, but the gunboats were so managed as to make such an at-

The reaction of the ball or sight to with a sign of the second of the se

GEN. GRANT ON LINCOLN.

The New York Herald has recently published reminiscences of itself; fifty years ago, Mr. Bennett borrowed \$400 and started the paper, himself being editor, reporter, advertising solicitor, and man-of-all-work. After he had worked his maner, many

sing to be married to see of the most splendid women in intellect, as heart, in property, in person, in namoer, that Flawey et seen in the course of my interesting poligrimage through human life. I can not stop in my career. I must finith that awind destiny which the Almighty Falter has written against the walls of heaven. I must give the against the walls of heaven. I must give the against the walls of heaven. I must give the against the walls of heaven. I must give the against the walls of heaven. I must give the later than the stop in the later than the stop in the later than the stop in the later than the late

JAMES GORDON BENNETT.

A few days later, the Herald contained another editorial, as follows:

MARRIED—On Saturday afternoon, the 6th inst., by the Rev. Dr. Power, at 8t. Peter's Catholic Church, in Barelay Street, James Gordon Bennett, the proprietor and editor of the New York Herald, to Henrietta Agnes Crean. What may be the effect of this event on the great newspaner contast new works.

furidents in the Lives of Mornee Greeley and Duniel Webster,

ndence Cleveland Leader.

tract, was written by the commander of the two gunboats, on the day after the battle. As the steamers were nearly all the day in front of the battle field, he had the best possible opportunity for observing the progress of the fight, and doscribed briefly what he saw, and the events in which he had a share himself.

Assuming that this offertal dispatch to the escretary of the Navy is truthful, it establishes such as the progress of the first of the secretary of the Navy is truthful, it establishes such as the progress of the first of the secretary of the Navy is truthful, it establishes such as the progress of the first of the secretary of the Navy is truthful, it establishes such as the progress of the first of the secretary of the Navy is truthful, it establishes such as the progress of the first of the secretary of the Navy is truthful, it establishes such as the progress of the first of the secretary of the Navy is truthful, it establishes such as the progress of the first of the secretary of the Navy is truthful, it establishes such as the progress of the first of the progress of the progress of the first of the progress of

the picture."

Here the General's voice got husky, and he looked at me out of eyes a little damp.

"I said: 'Good-bye, old soldier; I am glad to have met you,' and walked away, thinking how many of those meetings promised 'when the war was over had been destined for a shore beyond the Chicamanga." —Frenk Howard, in Rockrille Technon.

THE NEW YORK HERALD.

A Mest Singular Editorial by James Gordon at the Charles of the Chicamanga. The New York Herald has recently published at the head of the Third Cavalry Division, who led the advance in every battle in Virginia during the six months closing the war, capturing III pieces of field artillery, 65 battle-flags. 10,000 prisoners of war, including 7 general officers, and never lost a gun or a robor—Livest. Col. E. W. Whittaker, in N. Y. Times.

and man-of-all-work. After he had worked his paper up to a paying basis, his readers were surprised, one morning, by the appearance of the following:

In the Readers of the Herald—Declaration of Lore—Caught at Last—Going to be Married—New Morement in Civilization:

I am going to be married, in a few days. The weather is so beautiful, times are getting so good, the prospects of moral and political reform so auspicious, that I can not resist the instanct of honest vature any longer; so I am going to be married to one of the most splendid women in intellect, in heart, in property, in person, in manuer, that I have yet seen in the course of my interesting pilgrimage through human life. I can not stop in my career, I must fulful that awful destiny which the Alsigned to the to prosent the orator of the even-signed to me to prosent the orator of the even-signed to me to prosent the orator of the even-signed to me to prosent the orator of the even-signed to me to prosent the orator of the even-signed to me to prosent the orator of the even-signed to me to prosent the orator of the even-signed to me to prosent the orator of the even-signed to me to prosent the orator of the even-signed to me to prosent the orator of the even-signed to me to prosent the orator of the even-signed to me to prosent the orator of the even-signed to me to prosent the orator of the even-signed to me to prosent the orator of the even-signed to me to prosent the orator of the even-signed to me to prosent the orator of the even-signed to me to prosent the orator of the even-signed to me to prosent the orator of the even-signed to me to prosent the orator of the even-signed to me to prove the tree surprises that "Old Abe" Told Conres Story Told Co

FREEMAN, who was inspired, two years ago, to offer his little daughter as a sacrifier, and will be arraigned for the murder. He says the inspiration came from the devil.

THE Board Herald has interviewed Democratic leaders in New York, Pennsylvania, Connecticut, Delaware, and Indiana, on Gen. Butler's prospects for 18-4. It finds that he will not be the man.

TWO GREAT LEADERS.

There have been for centuries doubts as to the correctness of the accepted calculation of the Christian cra. Some learned historians can not agree whether Christ was born in the year 747, 749, or 754, counting from the foundation of Home. Recently, Prof. Sattler, of Munich, has published an essay in which he tries to reconcile the testimony of the Evangelists with the other historical data on this point. He has examined four copper coins, nearly discovered, which were struck in the reign of Herod Autipus, one of the sons of Herod the Great, and he came to the conclusion that Christ was born not 754, but 749 years after the foundation of Rome, and therefore that the present year is

he came to the conclusion that Christ was born not 754, but 749 years after the foundation of Rome, and therefore that the present year is 1888, instead of 1883. This opinion the Professor tries to certoborate by the testimony of the evangelists.

According to St. Matthew, Jesus was born toward the end of the reign of Herod the Great, and when that king died Jesus was yet a little child. According to St. Luke, Jesus was born in the year in which, by virtue of a decree of Augustus Cesar, Cyrebins, Governor of Syria, made the first census of Judea. Again, St. Luke says that St. John began to baptize in the fifteenth year of the reign of Tiberius Cesar, and in that year baptized Jesus, who was then thirty years of age. As to the first testimony, there can be no misunderstanding; Christ being born in 749, was, of course, yet a babe, in 750, when Herod died. But the other testimony needs some explanation. From the Bereiarism Inperio, (Census of the Empire,) which was added to the will of Augustus Cesar, it is evident that a thorough census of the countries that composed the Roman Empire must have been made, in fact, Augustus had three censusses of his possessions made, namely, in 728, 746, and 766. As St. Luke says, in Judea the first census must have been ordered in 747. Probably the census was begun in Judea in 747, and Prof. Sattler thinks it was not made in Jerusalem earlier than 749. He finds that the four coins enable him to make clear the testimony of the Evangelist as to the fifteenth year of the reign of Therist as a second of the reign of Therist as a second of the reign of their second of the fifteenth year of the reign of Therist as a second of the fifteenth year of the reign of Therist as a second of the reign of their second of their second of the reign of their second of the reign of their second of their second of their second of the reign of their second of their second of their second thinks it was not made in Jerusalem earlier than 749. He finds that the four coins enable him to make clear the testimony of the Evangelist as to the fifteenth year of the reign of Therius. Though Augustus died on August 19, 707, yet the beginning of the reign of Therius must be counted a year and a half earlier, (Pebruary, 764), when he was appointed co-regent. Therefore the fifteenth year of the reign of Therins inlis in 780, when St. John baptized Jesus, who was then about thirty years of age.

An Evangelist says that Christ began to preach forty-six years after the temple at Jerusalem was built by Herod. Now, it is known that the building of the temple was begun eighteen years after Herod was appointed by the Reuna Senate as regent of Juden, or in the year 734, from the foundation of Rome. Adding 46 to that year, it gives 789 as the year in which Christ began to preach.

If all these calculations of Prof. Sattler are correct, then the Christian era began five years earlier than is usually supposed, making the entrent year 1888 instead of 1883.

GEN. GEORGE B. McCLELLAN and a party of friends visited Richmond, Va., on Thursday, We are glad to hear that George has at last visited Richmond. We have a faint recollection that during an "onpleasantness" that existed some years ago George tried several times to visit the Capital of Virginia, but something always occurred to prevent the consummation of his desires at that time. We are truly gald to know he has at last "got there." As an Ell, it may be said that George is slow but sure.—Emporia News.

AUNT DINAH'S HYMN De sinner we de mote in de Chrystian eye.
He san't we de beam in he own:
He had better go house an't keep he house eleun
An bet find's chillen abore.
In gwine house to glosy,
Gwine to de shinin't tevan.
Gwine to de shinin'tevan.
Gwine to tell my slosy.
An'wear a golden crown.

of Militad Filonly a to Militad Fil
only a

WHOLE NUMBER, 1,348.

Society.

TOM CORWIN. The Tomb of Gov. Corwin-A Vivil to the Grave of Ohio's Most Distinguished States man, and One of the World's Most Reillian Orntors.

The Control of the Co